

THE COLLEGE OARS

The Great Contest at Saratoga To-Day.

WHO WILL BE VICTORS?

The Hopes, the Fears and the Prospect at the Last Moment.

PREVIOUS INTERCOLLEGIATE RACES

Comprehensive Review of Past Struggles and Triumphs.

THE FIRST BARGE AND SHELL.

Only One Fatal Accident and How It Occurred.

FAMOUS STROKE OARSMEN.

The Gradual Changes and Improvements in Rowing, Boats and Time.

The Rowing Association of American Colleges.

SARATOGA—SPRINGFIELD—WORCESTER.

Their Good and Bad Points Compared.

Saratoga Likely to Prove the American Putney to Mortlake.

THE CREWS OF '74.

Their Colleges, Records, Weights, Ages and Classes.

RULES OF TO-DAY'S REGATTA.

THE FINAL PREPARATIONS.

SARATOGA SPRINGS, July 14, 1874.

To-night the finishing touches of the crews are going on, and Trinity has finished one of her men—her starboard stroke, Hooper—effectually. What ailed him is easy to understand. He did not know how to row. So his captain sent him home and put in his place Mr. C. G. Buckley, I believe, of Lebanon, N. H., of the class of 1874, and who weighs about 160 pounds. If the real ground of communicating Hooper was that he did not know how to row, and there is little doubt of it, it would, if justice were done all round, be risky for some other of Trinity's men. They have a very bad habit of scraping the lower edge of the oar along the water as they reach out to recover. It can do no possible good, and really does much harm, for the friction slows the progress very noticeably, splashes water and looks badly. A little more care in feathering him would soon remove the defect, but it is too late now to hope for any change.

THE LAST IN THE RACE.

For men interested in that end of the race there is much lively talk as to whether Trinity or Princeton will snatch away from Williams the honor which she rightly earned last year of coming in last. Princeton works more smoothly than Trinity but has not the power, though, I think, unless Trinity can go much faster than she looked to this afternoon, Princeton will probably beat her, and Williams beat them both. Princeton, by the way, went apparently over the course and her time was taken as about 20m. 10s., allowing say a minute for the ripple on the water. Her performance has hardly varied with consternation the hearts of the many Wesleyans or the Fish Creek boating men of Yale. It was very

LIVELY ON THE LAKE.

and while most of the spectators were off at the ball match the crews were out, as they ought to be. Princeton, as we have said, pulled down from Snake Hill on time. Yale was dodging about here and there, now pulling a little piece, then stopping, and a few words from Cook would skip along over the water, and then off they would go again. They certainly are getting their heads back better every day and rowing more as Oxford used to. One of their number (No. 3) encases his head in a white handkerchief, and as the others do not wear one you can single him out from afar. Cook pulls his oar finely through the water, and has much dash in his work. There is no man in the boat whose work is very faulty. Little bad points are scattered here and there, but taken as a whole they row undeniably well and the boat just spins along over the water. As they never rise above thirty-four strokes a minute the boat is more time to travel between strokes, so that the distance between the swirls thrown off from the oars is greater than it would be in the old days of forty-odd to the minute. The time she takes to pass you and get away down to Moon's seems hardly a minute, and yet the distance would make a hole in half a mile. Actually the

YALE UNIVERSITY CREW.

do not look as large as their own Freshmen, but then the Freshmen are a noticeably burly set and have the plumpness one may have at nineteen, but without the toughness; that you must wait for until you are twenty-three. If Yale can row that erect, strong back and legsteele all over the three miles she will stand a good chance of winning, but to hold one's self up so high and stiff must be to play on a hot afternoon, after you have done it over two whole miles. Their boat seemed to hold them up easily and to ride over the water rather than through it. The man in the boat whom you will notice occasionally a little out of swing is No. 3, but it is not much. John Bignin told me that he did not like their rowing, but then he puts his blade in still in the old way, and has none of this "extra English." Now over on the west shore, a little above Moon's, shoots out from a raft which is pretty well under water a rascal six-oared outrigger, every man in it brown as a nut. There are the two fellows I saw yesterday swing along the road in their flannels, bareheaded and with their sleeves rolled up. Among them is one of the toughest men on this lake shore, and as handy in the boat as you would wish to see a man, for the boat

about five feet eight inches in height, yet he has the splendid round muscles of the gentleman you often see in stately galleries, very lightly clad, and all poised to throw the discus. As they turn their ship about and make off past my boat and up the lake Rustie nods pleasantly, and as he saw I was studying his stroke, remarks, "How is this for English?" Well, I have seen Englishmen do several kinds of rowing, but I should say it was more like Renforth's than Gulton's, and more like the old Harvard stroke of the past few years than either. Indeed, this probably suggests where he learned it.

"Boys, going up, now, dip light; keep her right on her keel," he cried out, as she passed Ramadilla Point and made off up the lake. But what is this a little way off on the right? A single scull shell. It has shot out, almost unobserved, as I was looking at the others. It goes along with the crew, keeping at an easy distance. The dark, tough, wiry man, nearly clad in white boating costume and swinging her lightly along is Fred Stiner, Wesleyan's trainer last year. But what is he doing here now?

PROFESSIONAL TRAINERS are not allowed any more. Well, as he goes up along with his old pupils and one of them hails him as "Fred," it is somehow looks as if he guessed he would not count this one. They have gone up to Snake Hill to the starting line, meaning to come down on time; but it was getting into the evening, and as they did not come I took the last stage for Saratoga Springs. But meanwhile there was another interesting work going on all around. Dartmouth did not show, nor Cornell nor Columbia; but a little while before the Wesleyans headed for Snake Hill a six had left the raft above them and preceded them up the lake. Half an hour before these another six-oared crew had gone up and were waiting for the latter. The first was the Freshman crew of Brown and the latter the Harvard University. They were going to pull over the course together; in other words, to race over the whole three miles. Brown had stripped for it and their backs well upheld their name. Harvard, perhaps, to drop a spare pound of beef, kept on their "weathers" or heavy flannel shirts. As they came along down in easy lead the cheery call of their captain of "Now!" "now!" "now!" at the commencement of the stroke, meaning that was the time in which he wanted the weight thrown on, could be heard almost as the Brown boys were pulling with their much pluck and energy. For vicious jerking try No. 4 of this Brown crew, but No. 5 was doing something wrong, his left arm being crooked outward as if he was afraid to use it, while the stroke oar was whittling off both ends of his stroke as if they were not worth anything.

A NEW BOAT FOR HARVARD.

The new man of the Harvard crew is behaving better, and the old boat slid along quite well. Speaking of the boat, a great surprise has come to-night. The twist of which I told you in the Harvard boat could do nothing but harm in a race; so on Friday last Blaikie, the English boat builder to Harvard University, was telegraphed at Cambridge inquiring, "Could he build a new boat and deliver her here by to-night?" He said "Yes," and as I rode back from the lake this evening she passed me going down. No outriggers were on her, but she looked like a good one. Still it is a little thing, this relying on a new boat which can be so little tried, and a boat, too, built in two days. I should feel uneasy about to-morrow morning on this score, but they hope to try her and will settle whether she will do, yet it is a comfort to know that in an emergency a boat can, if necessary, be turned out in two days.

THE GRAND STAND READY.

The water was quiet to-day and fine for the rowers. Busy preparation goes on all about the shore. The grand stand has been erected on a basis of earth underlaid with thick trees, and is held firm against the force of the water of the lake by a strong bulkhead, for the lower seat is just above the beach and 5,000 people will be there when the whole is full.

THE COLLEGIANS GATHERING.

It is as bustling and full of busy hurry here to-night as it was on the 14th. The crews of the great race and not two nights before at Worcester or Springfield. Yale is here in great force, and Harvard, notwithstanding the broken bridge on the Albany road, is almost if not quite as universally represented. The President looks fat and comfortable and would make tough work of the English stroke or it would with him in a very few minutes. Wall street and Broadway faces are almost as plentiful as at home. Old oarsmen are here—Lilian of the Harvard international four; Wilbur Bacon, of Yale, and many lesser lights. The interest in the foot races is beyond all expectation, and they are freely and kindly spoken of on all sides.

JUDGES FOR THE FOOT RACES.

At the meeting held this morning at the Grand Union, P. Chandler in the chair, H. W. Webb, Secretary, the following judges were elected to officiate at the foot races: A. L. Devin, Harvard; J. H. Vandeventer, Princeton; E. T. Herrick, Harvard; A. B. Ellis, Harvard; J. B. Curtis, Harvard; G. M. Marsh, Wesleyan. The 100 yards running race—A. L. Reeves, Harvard; H. C. Beach, Princeton; David Paton, Princeton; B. W. Van Boskerck, Columbia; E. H. Herrick, Harvard; H. C. Leeds, Harvard; J. Martinez, Columbia; G. C. Webb, Yale; J. W. Whitney, Wesleyan. Three mile running race—T. J. Good, Columbia; E. L. Phillips, Cornell; Allen Marquand, Princeton; A. B. Nevin, Yale; J. W. Whitney, Wesleyan; E. H. Herrick, Harvard. Seven mile walking race—J. H. Southard, Cornell; G. H. Hubbell, Williams; P. T. Thompson, Columbia; J. E. Rustie, Wesleyan; H. C. Heermans, Wesleyan; G. C. Griswold, Columbia; C. Enger, Dartmouth; T. G. Lee, Princeton. If the day is fine it will be a beautiful sight to witness all these fresh, hale young fellows stripped and hard at it; and nothing else this week, save the University boat race, begins to promise to equal it in interest. W. B.

THE EVE OF BATTLE.

SARATOGA SPRINGS, July 15, 1874.

Ever since day broke there has been a hum and buzz of voices almost all over Saratoga that tells of some unwelcome excitement now close at hand. The enormous hotels are packed to overflowing and transferring guests by the hundred to the many and unusually roomy and comfortable boarding houses with which this respectable old watering place abounds. The crowd exceeds all expectations, the local press saying that yesterday's hotel registers show the longest list of arrivals on record for one day in Saratoga, and estimate places the number of strangers here at 15,000. Over at Congress Hall half an hour ago, the Yale men, packing the great piazza and the broad sidewalk in front, looked like an army, and blue ribbon was there by the mile. Every train brings large reinforcements, and the despatches say that Albany is coming up several thousand strong. Every item about the crews is snatched up as it were a diamond. The boat matches are well enough, and you may see those any day; but a great race comes but once a year.

CHANGES AT THE LAST HOUR.

Sudden changes are making in the crews. As I wrote you yesterday, Hooper, No. 4 of Trinity, gives way to Buckley, and now Williams is uneasy and uneasiness Norton of the bow—a very hazardous experiment at this late hour, and shifting Washburne from No. 4 to bow, and in No. 4's place putting Hubbell.

The latter is said to be six feet and an inch in height, weighing 175 pounds, and the improved speed of the boat shows that the change is apparently a wise one, making all Williams hopeful. Hubbell is also entered for the seven-mile walking match of Friday, and is doubtless in good condition. I think Williams believes that she is going to make sure work of Princeton, and almost equally sure of Trinity, while she is sailing to show that either Dartmouth or Cornell may also have to give way; for, as the feeling goes here, she will be three—the first bunch holding Wesleyan, Yale and Harvard; the second Columbia, Cornell

and Dartmouth, and the last Williams, Trinity and Princeton. Guesswork merely, I am aware; but the guesses of those who have been on the ground for days, and watching many of them, with a pocket earnestness, is worth more than those at a distance, unable to judge at all. The order in the grouping, supposing the division is correct, is somewhat thus:—

PLACE PRINCETON LAST.

Her light appearance, her brief experience, the numerous faults in her work, and, more than all, the 20:10 or more she needed or seemed to yesterday to cover the distance, and this when the condition of the water could not, at the outside, have made over sixty seconds difference, all point to this, for her, unswerving, could not altogether unlooked-for result. Then, as to

TRINITY.

she is rough at best, and has been all along, and now this change of men so dangerously near the crisis, added to her loss of part of the roadway of every stroke by the scraping of her oars on the water on the recovery, as I mentioned yesterday, and her general lack of uniformity, make it likely that, although her men are among the heaviest and probably strongest on the lake, they will hardly be better than eight in the counting off at the finish; and then

WILLIAMS.

Sympathy she has abundant—more widespread, perhaps, than any other; for if a man is going to do much rowing it is hard to have to prepare without any water to do it on, and then with a stroke oar so unquestionably strong and good, and men who plainly cannot back him up, but who all seem to have done the best they could, why, you cannot help liking them and wishing they may win. The crew save you from the Dartmouth and Cornell look too strong for her, and Dartmouth has been going too fast with her short old fashioned forty-five stroke, and occasional forty-eight, to make her defeat likely by either of the three already described. Still, if Williams succeeds in putting any other boat behind her, save those of Trinity and Princeton, it looks as if it would be Dartmouth's.

Her men hardly see the importance of straight backs, and, though built broad and bony, like the Wards, they have yet to learn how to barely cover their blades and then haul like a locomotive. The agile, too, gives one or two of them a shake, or did when up at home, and I hope he will courtously wait this time till after the race is over.

CORNELL.

is said to claim to be thirty per cent better than last year; but though if true this would have made her formidable for the front boats to-day, yet I neither think it is nor that she is one of her own men, who want to England on purpose, but from an English rowing man who was over in this country and took hold to show them how they have seen to the muscular part of their work until they have got into fix, and with the imported stroke, make their boat travel very fast and keep her going, too. Whether she can get out of the second trio into the first—or no one has had the temerity to place her lower down—that seems the problem, though more than one man can be easily found who believes the first colors across the line to-morrow evening will be blue and white intermingled. One thing is sure, that Columbia, Yale and Harvard pull a stroke in

COLUMBIA.

has been as difficult to see this year as Yale was last. From all accounts she has improved more within twelve months than any other of all these crews. The three of her old men she keeps were probably the strongest three, and the new ones do their work so well that no group here to-day talks about the winners without mentioning Columbia. In pretty close connection. Averaging heavier than Yale, pulling a stroke she least not from one of her own men, who want to England on purpose, but from an English rowing man who was over in this country and took hold to show them how they have seen to the muscular part of their work until they have got into fix, and with the imported stroke, make their boat travel very fast and keep her going, too. Whether she can get out of the second trio into the first—or no one has had the temerity to place her lower down—that seems the problem, though more than one man can be easily found who believes the first colors across the line to-morrow evening will be blue and white intermingled. One thing is sure, that Columbia, Yale and Harvard pull a stroke in

MOST RESPECTS QUITE SIMILAR.

In other words, their various versions of that stroke called "the English," while Wesleyan does not and does not pretend to. But then neither the Wards, neither did Renforth's crew or the Thames men, and yet London, Cambridge or Oxford would hardly keep even with, much less beat either. Yale approached nearest the Oxford stroke I saw, in high and dignified precision; but they do say that before they reach the home mile they and this precision part company; but, for the matter of that, one man, for instance, of the Harvards is said to row better during the first two miles than in the last one. In the matter of dash there is a deal of ease in Harvard's work, while, though Cook, of Yale, has quite as much, his men are, perhaps, a little behind him. The Wesleyans look to me more like and active than either the men of Yale or Harvard, the latter being something new for her—a trifling heavy this year—and used to the 24s., their fast private time, is said to need an additional twenty-five or more seconds in order to make it correct as they are said to be a little short of the finish line. If this be true, then, in private practice

YALE HAS, IN PRIVATE PRACTICE,

but not much, for Harvard was within ten seconds of her, if not five; but again, Harvard had up to last night a marvel of aquatic handiwork—a new boat, built between Friday night of last week and Monday night of this. These craft are so frail that it usually takes about a week to get quite at home in them, but if Harvard's men can before bedtime to-night get the hang of her to their liking, and she is all right, I should say that their chance of winning was good, for a new boat has not yet had time to soak up the fifteen or twenty pounds of water which all shells manage to absorb after a very little while, and they float somewhat very lightly. For a sharp dash at the end of it rather expect to

HEAR FROM WESLEYAN.

while Harvard, who got the best of the lead last year at Springfield, may again be at her old tricks. I heard Curtis, the famous amateur sculler, say that he had, I think this season, practised over 1,000 starts. There he has the secret of avoidance of injury in the beginning of a boat race, and of almost everything else for that matter. I rather incline to the notion that part of Stiner's errand up to the course last evening with the Wesleyans was to practise them on a few starts, but it is rather late in the day to begin now, though they are nearly all at it.

If there is a great surprise in store for us to-morrow in the matter of brilliantly improving her rank as placed above I should think it would come from Columbia. My other two enigmas are Dartmouth and Cornell. Should either crowd up into the front ranks it would be more remarkable than if Columbia did. The bolter from the rear gang, if there be one, I judge, to Williams; but, aside from fouls and accidents, I should think her getting into the first three a simple impossibility.

At all events, if the weather to-morrow is nearly as favorable as it is to-day there will be, thanks to the gathering of several tough crews and thanks almost equally to the superlative enterprise and liberality of the people of Saratoga, as represented by their association, a magnificent race, and one, in many ways, far outstripping any that has gone before.

THE FIRST COLLEGE RACE.

On a clear, warm August afternoon in 1852, two miles below the little village of Centre Harbor, on perhaps the prettiest little lake in New England, certainly in New Hampshire, there lay three boats in line. Barges they were called then, and undoubtedly would be now, being each some three feet deep, the shortest thirty and the longest less than forty feet in length. Two hailed from Yale College, one from Harvard, and each was manned by a crew of eight and a coxswain. At the helm of the Yale barge, Halcyon, sat Richard Waite, of Toledo, a son, we suppose, of the Captain of the elite who now sits, not on eight benches, but one, and that the Supreme bench of the United States. It has been rumored too, though the records are exceedingly unimpaired, that George W. Smalley,

the excellent London correspondent of the New York Tribune, had an oar in either her or her companion, the Undine. The Harvard boat, the famous old Onondaga, managed them, as ever since, to draw liberally on Boston's oldest families, for there were a Curtis, a Paine, a Dwight, a Livermore, a Willard and a Miles, all Boston men or from the immediate vicinity. Little idea had they then of the race we see to-day. The race was, as to-day, straightaway, but not three miles, only two, and Harvard won it by two lengths. Three years elapsed, and then, on the Connecticut at Springfield, came

THE RACE OF 1855.

This time Yale challenged Harvard, and had two six-oars, the Nereid and the Nautilus, each longer than the eight already mentioned, each being just forty feet and nine inches. Ohio and Tennessee, Canada and the Bermuda Islands, had each a man there. Harvard sent two rivals—an eight-oar, forty feet long, and a four-oar, thirty-eight—the former called the Iris, the latter the Y. Y. The race was from Springfield down river a mile and a half back, and in twenty-two minutes—excellent time, considering the ark they rowed in—Harvard came home the winner, beating the Nereid two minutes, the Nautilus three, and her own four-oar, the Y. Y., three seconds, after deducting the allowance of eleven seconds to the oar. Harvard here, too, had some men worthy of note—Benjamin Crowninshield and John Homans, of Boston, and an Elliott and a Parkman, both from Harvard—while in the four Baitmore and Charleston, each had an Erving, men whose prowess is not yet forgotten, and in the bow sat Alexander Agassiz. This year, too, Mr. Smalley acted judge for Yale. Yale's stroke is described as "convulsive and quick," while Harvard "showed much more skill and coolness in handling the oars." A pair of silver-mounted black walnut sculls—rather an humble affair they would make nowadays—were the prize in 1852, and this year it was a set of silk colors from the citizens of Springfield. The wind was light, the water smooth and it rained some—a habit not entirely forgotten on race days. In the evening after the race three of the Y. Y. men and three of those from the Iris rowed over the course in the Yale boat, the Nereid, in 21m. 45s., or in 18 seconds less than the winning boat, thus demonstrating that the Yale men could not complain of their boat.

ON THE 20TH OF MAY, 1858,

at Harvard's invitation, Yale, Brown and Trinity met Harvard at New Haven (Dartmouth and Columbia, though invited, not appearing), and fixed on a three mile race, allowing any kind of boats to enter, giving twelve seconds per oar to the smaller ones. Friday, July 23, was the time set for the race and Springfield the place, but on the Saturday evening previous, while the crew were practising on the river, their boat was run down by another craft and overturned and the stroke oarsman, George E. Dunham, was drowned. This melancholy event—the only fatal accident, we believe, in the whole record—combined with the non-appearance of American college racing crews from Brown and Trinity, broke up the race. No arrangement was made for another meeting until February 23, 1859, when delegates from Harvard, Yale, Trinity and Brown met at Providence, R. I., and decided to adopt substantially the plans of the preceding year. The place above was changed, and on the afternoon of the

20TH OF JULY, 1859,

at Lake Quinsigamond, near Worcester, took place the first college race on that water, which has since become so well known to all younger Americans. This year also marked a new era in college boat racing, for now for the first time were actual *bona fide* boats used in one of these contests, and a great sensation they made among the oarsmen. Harvard had one, a six-oar, built by McKay, of pine, 40 feet long and about 20 inches wide, while previously they had 30 feet long and 18 inches wide, and the width to 20 inches and even less, pretty narrow craft, one would think, in which to intrust six men. Yale also had one 45 feet 5 inches long, and from the same builder. Harvard also entered a six-oared crew in the latest race, and Brown made her maiden effort at another lapstroke, the Atlanta. It is too bad that one of the pioneer colleges in these races has not of late years developed sufficient boating spirit to come and take her chances again. The race was over the regular three mile track, or rather mile and a half out and return. Harvard made the best time of 19m. 18s., beating Yale over 800 feet and by exactly 60 seconds, the Avon by 1m. 55s. and the Brown boat by 5m. 22s. The day was cloudy, and the gusty east wind blew the light oared boat over toward the west bank, which accounts for her having been so far behind at the close.

ON FRIDAY, JULY 24, 1860,

at not far from five o'clock in the afternoon, Harvard, Yale and Brown again met on the same course. The preceding year both Yale and Brown carried coxswains, while Harvard did without, and the same was true this year also. The boat of the latter was 40 feet long and 27 inches wide, while Yale's was eight feet longer and four inches narrower. Brown, eager to beat a light boat, succeeded, but she weighed only 120 pounds, and shipped so much water as to throw her out of the race. Harvard went away hard at the start, took a decided lead over Yale, while the latter was equally polite to Brown. In this order they went away to the stake, rounded, and Harvard won for a fourth time, home the winner in the good time of 13m. 32s., Yale taking 19m. 5s. and Brown 21m. 15s. Both this year and the one before Harvard's stroke oarsman was the famous Caspar Crowninshield; while, a singular coincidence, on the day following there rowed in the single scull race the man who was afterwards to become Yale's most distinguished, and most deservedly distinguished, oarsman, the man who taught her after incessant and disheartening defeat how at last to win. During the next three years the terrible civil war engrossed all thoughts, and these friendly naval battles were deferred until towards its close.

AFTER THE WAR.

In response to a challenge from Yale, Harvard again came forward, and on the afternoon of Friday, July 29, 1864, on the same Worcester course, met a fair and complete defeat at the hands of her plucky rival, the latter covering the distance in 12m. 1s. to Harvard's 19m. 43s. Harvard had the larger and really a very powerful crew, and for this unwelcome result had no one to blame but herself. Proper coaching and training might not have made her win; but they could have narrowed the gap between her and her conqueror, and they should have. One of the defeated crew was without much doubt the strongest man who ever rowed in a Harvard boat. The boats had now lengthened out to 43 and 49 feet and had narrowed to 21 inches. McKay still built for Yale, but Harvard now tried Elliott. As in 1860 the weather was bright and the water smooth, so that it will be seen that the time of the winning crew was not so good as that of the former year. This victory wrought up an interest among the Yale men in boating the like of which was never before known. Her victories of winter and spring worked with tireless energy. In the whole annals of American aquatic, probably, no other crew ever improved in physique faster, if as fast, as this same '64 crew of Yale. They had an exciting captain, who had led them to one victory, and who worked with all the might of a resolute, determined man to bring them to another. Rowing weights had gradually crept into the gymnasium, training was not confined to four weeks of the year, but spread over fifty-two, and the men at last were fitted out with boats and oars which were good for something. They knew, too, that the enemy was weak, or at least light, for the last Harvard crew—the heaviest Harvard ever had—was broken up. So, when on the afternoon of the 28th of day

JULY, 1865,

both crews backed up to the line, ready for the start, it needed no great discernment, barring fouls and accidents, to fix upon the victors. Yale was heavier by sixteen pounds a man, yet rowed in the lighter boat. Both crews were in good condition, save that one Harvard man was slightly indisposed, and among the friends of both party feeling was intense. The Harvard crew looked, and really were, overmatched, but they had as a class crew been fast the year before, and their friends stood manfully by them. The weather was again clear and warm; there was no wind and the lake was calm and quiet. The banks were alive with spectators, and the friends of Yale mustered in notably greater numbers by far than were ever known before. For the first minute after the word the two boats stayed well together, but when off the grand stand, some 800 feet up the shore, Yale spurred and drew away from her antagonist, until shortly she was clear. No time was wasted in either getting to the stake. Yale rounded well ahead and somewhat increased her lead down the homestretch, coming in an easy winner, beating her opponent by over 100 yards. Worcester has seen many a wild night, but few, and especially of the weariness of the blue, will quickly forget the roar and din that far into that Friday night for this Thursday business is an invasion of very recent date—made the old town howl, while out of sight, and mind, in former friends' houses, away off by the lake, sat six sad mortals, gloomy and dejected.

THE STROKE TURNED.

Two now had the proud old red flag of Harvard to come down. Twice in a series of college regattas which had helped much to keep her name favorably before the public had she come to know defeat—a new and painful knowledge, one she believed in at the abstract; but when race day came around—well, she would like to say a year. However, something must be done. A crew was got together and set at work, though there was no terrible eagerness to join it. No rowing boats were built and used somewhat. A few of the men did a fair winter's work and when they got their boat down in the spring managed to get a fair pace on her. They worked along, learning what they could of the enemy, doing whatever they thought would help them make a good race, though to win—so long was it since they had known what that word meant—seemed impossible. The time drew near. The men of Yale were coming up hitherto and triumphant and in unprecedented numbers to see their favorites score a third victory. Why? Well, she had won the last two years and of course would them. They wanted a different crew, that made no difference; she was sure to win. Betting was all her way. Indeed, to find a man anywhere about wearing a red ribbon was a task. They had all stayed at home. Again Yale had the heavier crew and the lighter boat, and as she shot out from under the little causeway and drew up to the line it seemed as if every male in Worcester county was a Yale man, so tumultuous was the welcome. Six almost swollen looking fellows from Harvard soon showed alongside, and as the two boats took their positions the rain, which had been waiting for them, began to fall. They swung steadily away, Harvard, perhaps, having a little the best of it at the start. At the grand stand it was apparently an even thing, and all the betting was one way—\$3,000 to \$700 on Yale, finding no takers. So they swung off up the lake, away beyond the point and on to the finish. Ten minutes of suspense, and something was coming down. It was a crew ahead easily of either; but which was which? Somebody called out Harvard, and then the way one Billie Yale was invoked for the next few minutes was a caution; but, like Mr. Baal of old, he did not respond worth a cent. His children came gradually home, the gap between them and the front boat being about 400 feet, and the flags went back to Cambridge to an alcove of old Harvard—about it, by the way, to stow brooms in.

THE STRUGGLE OF 1867.

Now it was Yale's turn to work, and looking a whole year ahead, she went at it right manfully. By greatly superior strength, with a wretched stroke, she had beaten in 1865, but the next year, when in size and weight her rivals were about a match, the defects of the stroke stood out glaringly. And yet, in all the work of preparing for the contest of 1867, when, if possible, she must win back the lost colors, she seemed to need of no change of stroke. Relying on the fact that all but one of the winning Harvard crew of 1866 had graduated, instead of working, as many men would have done in like case, and leaving no stone unturned she took things moderately, and when the year's work was done and the last practice pull finished, and the crew in racing costume came out and took their position, two light men sat in the bow, almost too light for the wear and tear of three long, hot miles, and the enemy were four pounds heavier per man. Still, weight is not the only element of victory. So Harvard thought, too, and she seemed to think it so long before that she deemed it essential to take that weight and work it, and she did it manfully and sensibly, and now when she came alongside unsparingly praise awaits her, while the year before no man knew or cared for her—till the race was over. Robert M. Clark, of Boston, perhaps the fastest gentleman sculler America ever saw, stood on as referee. The day broke squally, and fitful dashes of rain made good water dubious. But suddenly, just in the nick of time, the wind lulled, the waves dropped and the two crews got away, both going fast. Harvard already began to have the best of it. In her stern sat one of the most remarkable oarsmen that Harvard ever knew. Never a powerful man, when in his best condition he could go like a greyhound. But he was capricious, and this would, to the dismay of his friends, crop out at just the ugliest of all moments—those right before a race—and his poor crew would have to lug him where often he, in other moods, would have been doing more than his share. One of the first fresh men, if not the very first, Harvard ever let sit in a university crew, and that in 1866, now he was rowing stroke, and so he was the next year, and in 1869 went out to Europe stroke and captain of the most famous amateur four-oared crew this country, if not any other, ever saw. This time he was all right, and all the way up that lake, under the welcome shade of old Wigwam, and on, to the stake, he and his crew walked away from their antagonists, already tired and faint, struggling along with a stroke lacking reach, lacking length, lacking vim through the water, indeed almost everything that is sure to be found in the stroke which knows how to win. Harvard is around and off before her rivals even get to the stake, and so she goes away down the lake, widening the gap every second. She pulls every stroke; she pulls until, swinging in 12m. 12s., the line, she comes to the finish in 12m. 12s., the fastest time on record. And where is her rival? A whole minute and eleven seconds behind, a matter of twenty-five boat lengths, or 1,000 feet, more or less. Now at last both crews had crafts worthy of the name of raceboats. Hickey had built Yale's 49 feet long and 22 inches wide, while Harvard's, from Elliott, was 53 feet by 20 inches. Her '66 crew had the narrowest boat of her length ever seen on our waters, being 57 feet long—longer than many English eights, such as Oxford and Cambridge use between Putney and Mortlake—and but 19 inches wide. But she was heavy and unwieldy, and the '67 men used her to practise in, disrespectfully calling her the "old elephant."

THE UNIVERSITY CREWS OF 1868.

And now Yale, having twice suffered defeat, seemed fast getting back into her own ways. What would she do in the coming season, the summer of 1868? Let it be noticed here to her credit that in all her dark days—first when she knew not what victory was, and afterwards when it seemed to have wholly deserted her and gone forever, when she was put to a test more severe even than the nine long gloomy years between 1860 and 1870 when Cambridge every time had to succumb to Oxford, for then Cambridge had from bygone years a record or part of the time, Yale could not boast this—let it be noted that she never said "back down." Faults she might have, did have, but giving up in despair, as three colleges seem to have done this year, was certainly not one of them. She went home, kept three of the best of her old crew, added the famous "Maine lumberman" and two others, and again gamely buckled down to it, if possible, to wipe out the unpleasant recollections of the last two years. Dennis Leary, one of the famous professional crew of the Biglins, was called in as a trainer. The work was going at now in a way that began to look dangerous for her elated rival, and when she came up to the race there was a confidence so widespread that many a blue ribbon which had not been seen at Worcester since '66 was aired again. But two days before the race there came a damper in the minds of all calm men—very fast as Yale had in practice

proved herself faster than ever before—made the defeat of Yale again as certain as anything human could well be. The year before she